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MEMOIR
OF
DR. J. A. HOUSER



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BY
DR. S. K. HOUSER
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

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DR. J. A. HOUSER.

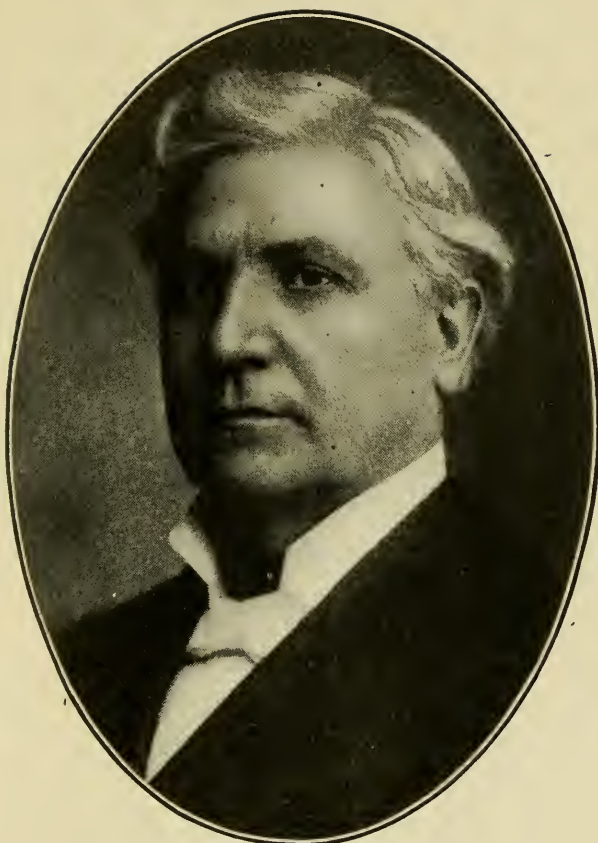
Was a noted lecturer, and had traveled and lectured almost around the world.

A man who ever looked on the bright side of life, with a smile and a kindly word, and good advice. Was very benevolent, gave freely to all charities, never keeping an account against any, or ever boasting of what he done. Was a writer of marked ability, wrote on many subjects, was a great temperance lecturer, had been a believer in temperance all his life. He saw the great wrong in the saloon and fought it at all times on the rostrum and with his pen.

In the practice of medicine Dr. Houser was earnest at all times and always did the best regardless of cost to him in doing it. Integrity was ever his motto in everything he did. Any person who knew Dr. Houser will ever remember him by his kind words and good advice. We that are still here remember him for what he has done.

DR. S. K. HOUSER,
His Brother.

Indianapolis, Ind.
220 Pythian Building.



DR. J. A. HOUSER.

THE DOCTOR.

The responsibility of the doctor is so different from that of any other person that it is not easy to make a comparison. All other callings permit special hours for rest and work. The doctor is always on duty. No day so fine, nor night so stormy, that permits him to rest or shirk. Be he ever so weary, at the call of duty and disease he must take his place to do battle with death and stay the destroyer yet awhile. Others may seek and choose their task; the doctor must take what comes and give his best service, though no recompense beyond the thanks of the helpless may be his reward.

Though the doctor's learning must be of the highest standard of any professional man, and more difficult to obtain, his labors take him alike to palace and hovel, where his duties are always the same in importance and gravity, and often upon his decision the scale turns to life or death.

In his duties he must render the same service to prince and pauper alike, and he feels not less proud to restore the tramp than the millionaire to health. Each to him is a suffering human being; God's creature, and he an humble servant of the Most High.

The doctor was there at your birth, when you were ruthlessly cast upon the bosom of Nature, like a helpless shrimp tossed among the seaweeds by an ocean

storm. He heard your first wail of agony and soothed your first pain. All through life he holds your hand, guards your steps and cheers your sad hours. He bears your secrets and shields you from calumny. The highest court on earth cannot open his lips to betray your trust.

When "the pale horse and his rider, Death," comes and stills forever your throbbing heart, the doctor is there to comfort and solace to the last. His touch is the last you feel, his voice the last you hear, his face the last you see before reason fails, memory fades, eyes dim, and all the world swoons, and you pass to the unconscious sleep. He turns away, like a noble knight, defeated again by the "King of Terrors," goes to battle again just as bravely for another smitten by the plague. Though he could beat back no more the relentless reaper, he comforts his own heart with the conscious belief that he had done his best.

The doctor is a king among men. No person can lock him out, no caste defy him, no court unseal his lips. He can stop a ship in midocean when suffering or danger demands it. He can hold the world's rulers in quarantine until he says they may come ashore. If he raises the yellow flag, men flee and leave a city to be a desert, and fall on humble knees when he holds aloft the Red Cross. Though the nobility of

his life and his fidelity to his kind opens the hearts of all, and his learning gives him the highest seat in the temples of wisdom, his wealth is not in gold nor his treasures in riches that smaller men would seek. His dower is to know, to help, and to heal.

While he prolongs the lives of others, the doctor dies soonest himself. He is shortest-lived of all professional men. His great care and responsibilities are often too heavy for his strength. In the field of medicine is found the highest per cent of insanity, and suicides are more frequent in the doctor's office than among the same number of any other class.

The doctor's religion is usually an agnostic, sanctified, creedless, humanitarian devotion to suffering humanity. His name is generally on the church books, but his soul is too wide for any narrow bounds; he is the cosmopolitan evangel who has a tongue to soothe the misery of every race, and a balm for all conditions of men.

Unitarian and Trinitarian, Armenian and Calvinist, Catholic and Jew, are all the same to the doctor. They are bits of animated clay which have taken their impression from some other clay, which are in turn moulded by some preceding clay, but all follow the same light as they see it, and all, finally, reach the same rest.

To the doctor, all life comes from God and returns

to God, and no man is keeper of the gates, nor guards the portals of "The City Not Made With Hands."

The doctor works out his own destiny with patience, making the lives of others less painful while they pass onward to the catastrophe which appals reason, shocks sensibility and defies explanation; the usher to the charnel house who leads the unwilling guest to the phantasmagoria of horrors where life is lost in the unexplored beyond. To this end he journeys with his kind, and yields at last to the foe he battles with so long.

The doctor sees humanity at its best and worst, without its mask and shield. He aids it in its noblest efforts and pities it in its grief. He is nearer its troubled heart than any, excepting only the "Man of Galilee." He hears confessions which never fall upon the ear of minister or priest, and which will not be heard again until given to the Infinite and the Eternal.

When life's journey is done and the end of all on earth has come, and each awaits his reward from the unerring Judge, none more worthy, none more noble, will be found than he who relieved the pain of frail flesh and quieted the fears of weak humanity, the doctor.

EXTRACT FROM ONE OF DR. HOUSER'S
LECTURES.

“A philosophy that points to nothing better for man here or hereafter than the irksome grind of daily servitude, the fret and pain of ceaseless toil, pinched by want of the many, with the keen teeth of greed paining the heavily burdened, cannot be the true philosophy of human life. It robs love of its sweetest expectation, crucifies hope on the altar of despair, and leaves eternity upon the melancholy desert of Death.”

“The true philosophy of Life lifts up the dark doors of death and floods eternity with the dawn of an everlasting day.”

“Atheism is the suicide of the soul before the opening doors of eternal freedom.”

“The belief in Immortality is the deeper consciousness of mortality that scans the abyss of the unknown, and lights the gloom with a radiant glow of hope that sees a landing after the storm.”

“Materialism is the philosophy of pessimism that seems to find a charm in the wreck of the charnel, and a grim satisfaction in the desperation of its despair. Before it the tenderest sentiments of the child shrink in pain, and the weary footsteps of age would gladly turn back and traverse the lonely and

sorrowful path of life over and over again rather than fall into the abyss of eternal oblivion."

DESTINY.

Oh, Destiny, thou child of Fate,
Leading mankind to joy or grief,
With gentle love or cruel hate,
Giving each the fruits of his belief.

Whether that be the Christian Cross,
Buddha, Brahma, or pagan stone
To bring life's gain or the soul's loss,
'Tis Destiny that leads us on.

THE DESERT OF DEATH.

When our caravan starts across the Desert of Death we pass beyond the grasp of friendship's hand, beyond the sound of friendship's voice. Then we feel not the pangs of pain, nor the claws of hate. All, all is lost in the tumult that moans and sighs into the hush and silence awaiting us, just beyond the fading light, and just within the starless darkness. The soul that carries not its own torch will find no light on the way.

Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who prepare for the voyage of Eternity before they leave the shore of Time.

HEAVEN MISSED.

He who would go in alone,
And crowd hard by the Master's throne,
May not get there because another
Saved the place for some weaker brother.

He whose selfish heart would claim
The Joy in love alone reposed,
May find at last his selfish aim
The opening door has closed.

MASTER, GUIDE ME.

Master, guide me, so frail's my bark,
The storm is fierce, the waves are high,
No friendly star shines in my sky,
To Thee alone in faith I cry,
Hear me, Master, the night is dark.

Tempest and gloom is in my way.
What lies beyond I can not see,
I only hope and trust in Thee,
I am but frail humanity,
In trembling faith I wait and pray.

AFTER THE STORM.

I saw the dark clouds dashed wild by the wind,
Leaving mountains and valley far behind.
I heard the deep thunder burst from the skies
And saw the lightning that blinded my eyes.

My soul shrank within; I trembled with fright,
I feared the terrors, storm and the night
As down poured the dashing torrents of rain,
O'er mountain, valley and far away plain.

After this wild and tempestuous night
In the clear east came the fair morning light;
Rain drops gleaming o'er woodland and wold,
They promised harvest of an hundred fold.

I said to myself, "Is not this God's way
To change fears of night into hopes of day?"
But poor, timid man, seems never to know
That after the storm God sends the rainbow.

AMERICA'S HOPE.

For us the mountain top, the sun's bright glow,
Not the shadows in the valley below.
America must soar, she cannot plod,
One thought, one language, one Flag and one God.

YOU CAME TO ME.

You came to me last night—I did not dream---

I saw your face in all the throng.

Your eyes looked into mine with love's light gleam ;

Your voice thrilled with the minstrelsy of song.

We walked where perfumed fountains splashed their
stream,

And flowers diffused their languid sweets along.

Your warm breath swept my cheek ; your whispered
theme

Was love, its subtle passion keen and strong.

My soul leaped in ecstasy supreme,

Entranced and raptured with the soul of song.

Yes, you were here last night—I did not dream—

I only saw your face in all the throng.

1918—THE OLD YEAR IS DYING—1919

The Old Year, the cruel year, is dying,

With bitter lips the wailing winds are sighing

In moans and shuddering with fright,

Harsh as the tempest and black as the night.

A year of carnage with Death's reeking sword,

Of hate to man and treason to the Lord,

Pollutes the world like blood that stains the snow.

Good bye, Old Year ! We're glad to let thee go.

THE CURSE OF RUM.

To forgive the rum traffic for its countless wrongs, and the unmeasured misery it has brought upon its helpless victims; their fathers, mothers, wives and children, would tax God's patience to the limit of divine mercy, and to justly punish this arch offender of all law of both Heaven and Earth would require an eternity of the tortures of the damned.

NIGHT.

How beauteous, Lord, all Thy starry way,
When night breaks through the golden bars of day
And lights the wondrous torches of the skies
On the dim, distant walls of paradise.

In rapturous joy longing eyes behold
Blissful glory in silver light unfold;
In this enchanting vision, seen afar,
Heaven's inviting gates now stand ajar.

Thus even the lowly, like we on earth,
Can reach the bliss of a diviner birth,
And from the dusty path we humbly plod
Journey through darkness to the light and God.

THY BROTHER'S FAITH.

Deal gently with thy brother's faith,
It may be all the lamp he hath,
Filled with the oil of human love,
To light him o'er life's darkest path.

Struggling souls, in a world like this,
May seem, sometimes, to go amiss,
To others, viewing them afar,
And yet may find their way to bliss.

Each must his own hard battle fight
With honest faith in which seems right,
As seen by his uncertain eyes,
While passing through this earthly night.

Though he kneels at another shrine
And his belief may not be thine,
That thou wouldst send up to thy God,
His prayer may still reach the Divine.

Wouldst thou from glory shut him out?
There's more religion in honest doubt,
To him who seeks God's purest truth
Than all the creeds we preach about.

His God he gives another name,
But to him he's God just the same,
As thine own God is unto thee,
So let his God him praise or blame.

He may pass in and there abide
In that for which he long hath tried
With honest faith and noble hope,
Whilst thou may still be left outside.

Don't try too hard his soul to scan,
God only knows the heart of man,
His troubles and his many cares
When he measures life's little span.

But learn to love all here below,
And to each one more mercy show.
While journeying on the weary way
That they may mercy show to you.

WHEN HE LOVED HER.

She walked in woven gold with henna scented feet,
and her breath was like the balm from Ceylon's Isle.
In the softly fading twilight a halo shone about her
head, and faintly there came the rustle of wings.

Blessed, thrice blessed, is she who never lets this delusion die out in his mind. Under its magic spell man forgets he is an animal, and believes himself a god. With this faith and hope to inspire, he passes up the great white stairway, taking on and up with him the treasures of love and jewels of woman's fidelity that keep his heart still young. In the weariness and decrepitude of age the happy soul is not conscious of the weight of years. It rests in evening's somber light, radiant and joyous in its own ecstasy. She, whom he loved in early life, is now the holy Incarnation of all past joys; she is sacred, though bowed and withered. When the pulse is stilled and the tempest of the blood forever hushed, the two souls, now as one, pass on to the Eternal Harmony of the Infinite All.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

Woman has been faithful to her trust in all ages, countries and conditions. She has borne humanity's heaviest burdens without complaint, and gladly sacrificed for her kind.

When all others curse, wound and destroy, it is woman's mission to bless, to help and to heal.

She has ever been man's best counselor, safest ad-

viser, most willing helper and patient slave. She is man's noblest companion, dearest friend, surest aid on earth and guide to heaven; the keeper of his conscience and mother of his Redeemer.

In the darkness of earth's misery she crowns him with a halo of light, and leads his faltering soul up the white stairway of the sky. What the fountain is to the desert a woman's love is to a man's life. It floods with flowers and bathes with balm the melancholy waste of blighted hope, and to the stormwrecked sky of his ambition is the rainbow of promise, and twilight of repose.

When man's best efforts are defeated and overthrown, his genius lost in the night of distress, a woman's faith will see a star and her love will find a path.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is to be unconscious of the misery we all have. The only real joy of life is in following some exalted ideal that we never overtake. To be lead onward, eternally upward, is the soul's hope and life's joy. To gain wisdom is the richest treasure the Ideal can give and to distribute it to others enriches them and does not lessen the wealth of the prodigal giver.

GRIEF.

Grief over the death of a dear friend is the pathetic pleasure of a sad but sacred duty. While it pains the heart it chastens and purifies the soul and opens the portals to the Eternal Harmony of the Infinite All, where we shall meet again. Grief is the longing of painful and imperfect mortality for the Paradise of Peace. This may be God's way to unite Earth with Heaven.

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF HIS EXPERIENCE MAN HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR THE DEITY.

Now, as in all ages, to the remotest time that written history records the acts of man, and beyond that, in still that greater book, archeology, that reveals his earlier life to this age, mankind devoted a large share of his time to looking for God. He scanned the heavens with sleepless eyes at night, trying to read the revelation that he believed the stars held in their sleepless vigils for him. He stood beside the sea and meditated upon its silence and depths until his soul felt the awe and splendor of its mystery, and tarried till the wings of the storm fanned its bosom into

mighty billows crashing against echoing cliffs that set its bounds, while the bursting thunder and gleaming lightning gave accompaniment to the exhibition of power, wonder and mystery, that filled his soul with the belief that the Infinite was passing by.

He beheld the rising sun melting the darkness of night into the glow of golden morning, and felt the life and light touch his being and throb in every pulse. He saw the gold of day sink slowly in the west when night beat down the golden bars to sable shades and vanquished again the blazing glory of the sky. In day and night he saw the stupendous phenomena of nature and strained eye and ear for a form, a voice or an echoing footfall of the god he believed present.

Man sought his god in the depths of solitude, the gloom of cave and upon the lofty mountain peaks. He resorted to fetich, charm, necromancy, and taxed alike his reason and his cunning for some personal demonstration of the Diety he sought, that his eyes, his ears, or the touch of his hand might prove to him that God has passed his way. Then he sought the aid of witch and wizard who pleased his fancy and satisfied his longing by duping his cupidity with the first trick of priestcraft that fastened upon his faith and fear and accompanied his every step, even unto this day, taxing his toil, and holding him in servi-

tude on earth, that he might be free beyond the grave.

This hope and belief became the greater part of his life. He took his god on the journeys of joy, and to the field of carnage, and believed the object of his worship gave him pleasure, even in trivial things, and also sharpened the spear with which he slew his foe. Even unto this day mankind takes his god to war and sees the blessings of his faith in the carnage, flame, blood and dead about him.

But since he discovered, captured or created his god, he naturally thinks he should use him and feels the authority to command him to fight or play, as chance may dictate or necessity demand.

Back of every war, on both sides, has been this monotheism that the fear, cupidity and hope, shaped into being with the creative imagination of the mind. It has cost the world five times as many human lives as the number now living on earth, and the slaughter still goes on, even more frightful than in the earliest ages. He now uses his genius to aid his brutality and wreaks more vengeance than his earlier brother, who had but the animal lust for blood unaided by the inventions of our "magnificent Christian civilization."

Though it may be said, to man's credit, that he did honestly seek for God, but deluded himself into

creating what he sought. Being unable to create a being greater than himself, he formed his selfish desires into the personal ideal he needed, and kept the myth as a real personal presence ready to serve him in good or evil. Man, himself became the master. and his deity the slave.

Man tells his god what to do, where to act, when to fight and whom to kill. His guidance from his own created myth, but always does as he pleases, and seems to believe he pleases his god.

As yet man has not found God, nor will he till he looks for a different being than he has previously sought.

Life is God, and God is life. Find either and you possess both.

WHAT IT TEACHES.

The New Science of Life teaches that all Life is from God, and a part of the Infinite and the Eternal, and is sacred. When you believe your own Life is Sacred, Justice makes you grant that to your fellow man. Then the highest duty is found in keeping your own Life Pure, Just and Merciful toward all Life, that your own may be worthy of Life Here and Hereafter. When this is obtained and this New

Philosophy of the Soul gains the victory over the
Tempest of the Blood, mankind will find an Eden in
every Valley, a Golden Shore on the margin of every
river, and a Paradise this side of the grave.

MORNING.

Come with me at early dawn,

See the river,

All a quiver

At the flaming kiss of morn,

Hear the laugh from every ripple

When the golden day is born.

Hear the whispering of the leaves,

Dew-wet from night,

In glistening light,

That gleams above the new mown sheaves,

While sweet the song birds all invite

Joy to the lonely heart that grieves.

And look afar from hill to dell,

O'er field and fen,

O'er flowery glen,

And hear the chimes of morning's bell,

Inspiring the soul with thoughts to pen

That all the joys of day foretell.

THE BLESSING OF NIGHT.

Oh! How the soul longs for darkness and sleep,
The mind that is troubled, the eyes that weep,
The breast that pains at every heart-beat
Longs for the night and its restful retreat.

The glare of day with its fret and turmoil,
Its hands tired from wearisome toil
With the death of joy and with Hope's sad blight
Longs for rest and peace in stillness and night.

When sable curtains drop down from the skies,
And the kisses in slumber close tired eyes,
And Heaven all gleaming with twinkling stars,
And darkness broken through day's golden bars.

Then reposing on the bosom of peace,
Life finds then at last it's only release,
Dreams of Elysium divinely blest,
It longs for the final, eternal rest.

Oh! blessed night, that hushes our sorrow,
Gives the soul rest for battle tomorrow,
Come, lull me to slumbers profound and deep
And give my heart rest and respite in sleep.

MY TEMPLE OF LONG AGO.

Back to the days of my childhood,
To the shaded brook in the dell,
The hush of deep, tangled wildwood
And the charm of solitude's spell.

Beneath the broad spreading maple,
The oak and the elm and beech,
I made my altar and temple,
There oft' I wandered to preach.

On the mossy bank's green carpet
I made my first mercy seat,
An old log was my first pulpit
And the silence my soul's retreat.

There I saw God in the flowers,
I heard His great voice in the wind,
In the sunshine and in the showers
Heaven and earth seemed to blend.

The wild birds were my plumed choirs,
The thrush, the robin and wren,
All with their sweetest tuned lyres
Gave music I've ne'er heard again.

The vines taught me faith eternal,
As they clung to the swaying bough,
This was my temple supernal,
And my soul still worships there now.

The storms that swept in their fury
And swayed the majestic trees,
Was the presence of His glory
Sweeping the land and the seas.

Here my heart found satisfaction,
That it never had found before,
And leaves the sweetest reflection
Of the far away days of yore.

It seems to me as I ponder,
In life's fast gathering gloom,
That all my joy is back yonder,
In my childhood's temple of bloom.

There for me voices are calling,
Through the glory of golden beams,
And showers of mercy are falling,
Still sweet in my lingering dreams.

YOUTH.

Fair as the dawn o'er the distant hill
Or the rainbow that spans the sky,
Cheerful as the rippling, laughing rill
As the crystal brook goes by.

And beautiful as Spring's first rose
That blushes at the first kiss,
Bright as the stars in eternal repose
Is the rapture of love's first bliss.

But when age has silvered the hair
And cares deep furrowed the face,
Then is our first love more fair
And more enchanting her grace.

The beauty of autumn, I think,
Far more enchanting than spring.
Then sweeter the nectars we drink
And happier the thoughts they bring.

ONE LANGUAGE, ONE FLAG AND ONE GOD.

One and not the least, of the achievements gained in the victory over Germany was driving the German language from our schools. This gives our national

tongue & domination that, in due time, will do more than any other one thing to sustain American principles and ideals for which our fathers fought and toiled, and for which we have so greatly sacrificed.

No nation can be considered safe while its language is mixed or uncertain. While the word of mouth is not fully and clearly understood the same by all, no confidence between man and man can be full, free and undoubted. To speak one language is to think the same thoughts and follow the same leaders to the same ends.

There can be no perfect national unity without a unity of language from which springs a unity of thought. Germany is a striking example of this fact.

To guard the national language and protect national unity is more necessary in the United States where people come from every part of the world, with every race and every language on earth, than in a nation made up of one race and have no immigrants to simulate in their national melting pot.

When Martin Luther translated the Bible, he selected the best of the German jargons to be the language of the Scriptures, and gave it to the people who had never read the Bible before. As a result all read it and hence finally all used the language Luther chose for his great work. This unified the

German language and finally made Germany as one. Luther, it might be said, really formed a language trust. The Germans had to use it if they were to be understood, and reformed their nation by it.

Abraham, many centuries before Luther's time, unified the Jews when he declared there was but one God, Jehovah, and to be a Jew was to worship this God. This became a heavenly trust that stands even until this day.

Without German language taught in the public schools where its use will soon become too infrequent to foster and sustain it, the Pan-German propaganda that now belts the world, and if Victory had gone to the Huns, would have dominated the world. The defeat of the German tongue is a necessity for the liberty and peace of our country.

MAN A RELIGIOUS ANIMAL.

Man is a religious animal. He always worships something that he defies. The vain and proud worship themselves. They make the lowly worship God. Those between these two extremes worship according to their organic conditions, and some for subtle mystery. Those whose intellectual capacity is too limited to grasp an ideal, drift, but still respond emotionally to the Ever Present, but ever changing religious

influences. But the gods of all mankind are placed on thrones at the height of man's mental and moral conceptions, and are made better by looking aloft to the best the faith can grasp and the hope long for, and his inherited capacity attains.

To elevate mankind is to elevate his deities, though none ever attain their ideals; because from every height the soul reaches it looks beyond for a more exalted ideal, thus life is ever onward and upward.

But man's course in religion is like everything else he does, he must either go forward or backward, he can't stand still. When he attains all he wants, or thinks he does, and stops, he is anchored, but the current about him is not at rest. The cable that holds him corrodes from inertia, breaks, and he drifts down stream. Ceasing action, his energies and hopes lose power and he never again "comes back", but finally reaches the eddy of inaction and awaits dissolution in the failing scenes of life's past hopes and lost ambitions.

Religion, like the best of all worth having, must be sought as the supreme aim and object of life, and be ever a journey higher and higher in mental and moral exaltation until the mind and soul and body are all brought into harmony with the highest the intellect can grasp and the noblest conscience can ask.

For those who attain this, life has no discord and

the grave no terrors. When the Finite fails in the gathering gloom of life's ending journey, the Infinite becomes the Eternal pilot on the shoreless sea, and every voyager attains all he is worthy of.

WHERE LOVE TELLS HER STORY.

Peace reigns supreme where love tells her story
With magical lips and eloquence sweet,
Wooing to slumbers the heart that is weary,
Filling each throb with joy at each beat.

Where love tells her story all cares are forgotten,
Shadows all fade into sunshine and smiles;
Clouds melt soft into love's light all golden.
And tears become pearls from love's crystal isles.

The curse of man's sins that make life a burden,
And under his pillow plant thorns of despair,
Love softens till like flowers of Eden
Breathe forth their fragrance as sweet as they're
fair.

O Love! thou rosy-lipped daughter of joy,
Come, kiss the sad world to peace and rest;
With thy own bliss our moments employ,
And soothe us to slumbers on thy fair breast.

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

The power of a child for good is beyond measure and defies comparison. It softens the hardest heart and resurrects the deadest conscience. Its simple appeal succeeds where the greatest preachers fail. The light of its gentle eyes gives a noontide of hope to the midnight of the soul. Its smile is the sweetest hint earth gets of heaven. Its success in the conquest of the heart is the power of unselfish love whose strength is in the helplessness of the child.

A child's influence has reformed the worst of men when all other efforts failed. The father whom the baby cannot help is too far below human effort for even hope. These sweet little majesties build a throne in the empty heart and reign over a kingdom of love that was once a desert of hate. The little cripples hobble into our hearts, and with deformed fingers weave garlands of love and mercy that are richer and worth more to the soul than all the gems from all the mines on earth. There is no heaven without children, nor hell where one is found.

In all heaven there will be no sweeter music than the laughter of a child, nor pearl on earth so pure as its tears.

Blessed, thrice blessed, is the house where children play, and hearts where they dwell. The child's love

is the noblest, purest and most unselfish of all love on earth, and the best that time gives to eternity. In my darkest hours of care and distress, give me but one kiss from the loving lips of a child, and there is no more night of sorrow; it is the morning of joy.

NEED OF AN EVANGELIST.

America today needs an Evangelist more than it ever did at any time in the history of our country. The American conscience has gone to the Devil more than ever before. This is caused by the fabulous wealth of the millionaire scoundrel and the abject poverty of millions of our people. Both extremes beget crime. The corporation magnates steal legally for the love of it, and the starving steal for necessity.

“But,” you say, “we have evangelists.” We have, and many good conscientious men. But we need a Greater One than ever yet struck our shores. He must be a philosopher, a scholar, a psychologist, an orator, a man of great vitality and one brave enough to ignore the dead and musty creeds and teach the true science of life. Teach that life is everywhere, and that to reform we must first think, then live correctly, and thus take new life into our own beings, thereby making the old and corrupt over with the new spirit atoms. When the man great enough for

this work comes forth, the world will hear him and believe. Such an evangelist will not preach to get you to accept some narrow creed and join his church, but ask you to accept the salvation for yourself, for yourself and all mankind.

DOES DEATH END ALL?

I am asked many times what the New Science of Life teaches about the Soul of Man, and here will try to state more clearly than I have before what this New Philosophy has to give on this grave and most important subject..

As so often repeated, I teach that Life is a Sublimated Etherial Intelligent Energy in Atomic Form, that Life is a form of matter unlike the earthly matter. It possesses the wisdom and power to create. Its mode of action is to take up earthly matter and form cells, that is microscopic organisms in which the atom that formed them resides, and through which it performs its diminutive share of life's action.

The human body is composed of countless billions of these cells, each group of which has its own peculiar function to perform, and is so constructed to suit its work, and thus be in correspondence with its environments. If, in the normal, living body all these act in unison, it makes one harmonious whole, the body

being a universe, and each cell an atomic unit of the universe, as one human being is a unit in the universe of all life. What we call Life is the animation arising from the union of the atoms of Life and the atoms of earthly matter. The Life atoms give the Intelligent Energy to the body it builds out of earthly matter, in which it bodies itself forth as a living being that is the likeness of itself.

The form of every living thing is but the tangible, visible expression of the invisible Life that created it. This is giving the voice of creation a form to fashion the mortal flesh after the Immortal Ideal that is yet beyond our ken.

This union of the elements of the two worlds, the seen and the unseen; the terrestrial and the celestial, gives another form and kind of matter, a living body. This new form of matter itself becomes the creator of another being. The mind that reigns supreme over matter and the laws of matter, defying the power of chemistry to restore the earthly matter to its original elements, until Life withdraws from the citadel it animates and leaves the clay again to take its place on the bosom of the earth to slumber there till the voice of Life again calls it forth to be the dwelling place of a living soul.

Here again, may I tell you, the New Science of

Life takes the third step in the lesson of Human Existence, and dares to invade the unexplored region that lies beyond the paths of earth. In doing this, I am well aware, I launch my bark upon an uncharted sea, and assail all the bounds set by ancient or modern thought. I dare to give the teaching of a New Philosophy of the origin of the Human Soul, and proclaim it the offspring from the union between Life and Matter. It is a new being, a new creature, like the new born babe. In the babe the parents become one flesh. The soul is the Divine Essence, distilled in the crucible of a living body, and has the material existence of matter spiritualized.

The Soul, being a natural product of an organic living body, like all else in nature, is Substance. This puts it in the bounds of natural Laws. Its creation, birth and growth is but the result of a process of evolution. It, therefore, passes on and up in the unfolding of Life. It is on a journey, just as we who now live on earth journey from one stage to another. But there is a difference. The Soul, having the Divine Essence of the Union of Life and Matter, and the embodiment of Intelligence spiritualized, is not of the earth, earthy, and not subject to decay. It now has advanced to the inner circle, and barred from the touch of Decay, and sting of death. In this domain there must be according to this New

Philosophy a wider scope, a greater opportunity, a sublimer reach for the Soul-Life, than the narrow bounds that circumscribe the living on earth. To grasp this thought the mind must recognize another world for the Soul, one as different from our world as our life in the body and flesh, as the New Soul Life is without the flesh. It is this Great Truth that the earlier religious psychologists, from Moses to Jaul, labored to make the common mind understand, but succeeded only in a small degree.

In coming ages, the higher developed brain with a greater scientific knowledge will make this truth as plain as it has other scientific questions, and the human family of distant ages yet to come will communicate with those who inhabit the now unseen world. Indeed, in all historic ages of the past a few advanced minds caught the intelligent waves of truth from the other shore, as the astronomer, with modern instruments catches fading, dying, rays of light from an unseen star, so far away it has taken thousands of years for the bursting flood of life that left the great celestial body to get here. The wandering wireless waves of intelligence are borne in all directions, flashed from the station on the shore or the ship at sea, they go everywhere, mingling, crossing, palpitating on and on, yet maintaining their own

identity to be sought, thousands of miles away, and translated into messages of hope or sorrow.

So the greatest minds of the past, as Moses, Abraham, Buddha, Confucius and still greater, the Nazarene, caught the light from the unseen world, and translated the message from the Soul Life of the Immortals beyond the ken of the lowly plodders who are only as yet of the flesh.

CREATION OF SOUL LIFE.

Life shows new forms continuously. This is because of the varied conditions arising from changed environments, giving different combinations of Life Atoms, and the Atoms of matter, as affected in different localities, latitudes and longitudes, different altitudes, degrees of moisture, sunlight, and all else that affects life, its developments and action. These conditions produce great changes in long stretches of time, bringing forth new forms of vegetable and animal life. That is, something new is evolved.

In this broad circle everything is embraced. This is the development in the process of evolution.

There is nothing to-day as it was yesterday, and to-day and yesterday in creation means aeons of time, and that term means periods stretching across

many, many thousands upon thousands and millions of years.

But in all this time and the myriads of living forms produced there is no evidence that any, even one, new atom has been added to Matter or Life. Nor can human intelligence conceive how one atom of either could be added, any more than to add one atom or one principle to the Creator. All the Real is Infinite, and fixed, without a shadow of turning or change in person or being.

The whales were once quadrupeds on dry land, as were all sea animals, seals, sea-lions, walruses, and all such.

Our beautiful song birds sprang from their reptile parents. All our apples came from the primal stock of crab-apples. Our golden fields of wheat from the wild rye found on the banks of the Mediterranean Sea by our primal parents.

So human life, rising from its primitive state to its present exalted intelligence, grows nearer the spiritual. Even now the refined lives on the highest mountain peaks of human advancement may hear the voices from unseen lips and feel the touch of unseen hands.

The action of Life in its improved course of development is Infinite and Eternal. It neither dies nor stops. It only changes. And its greatest change

to us is from the seen to the unseen. From the Material to the Spiritual.

The Soul of Man is a new Creation of Human Life, as a result of the union of the atoms of Life and Matter, sublimated into a Spiritual being. The personal idealism of the earthly life, set free by natural changes in its advance toward the Eternal Harmony of the Infinite All.

It is in recognizing these basic facts in creation, and applying them to human life, in its changes of life's action, that gives the New Science of Life a profound claim to the best of human thought, in the present great changes that are now taking place in the course of human destiny. It offers a scientific basis for moral ethics as well as a definite way to restore the diseased body to normal health, and give it a chance to live out its years in time.

This philosophy offers a guide to all, the highest and lowest on the weary road from the cradle to the grave, and is destined to survive all changes, because it is Truth.

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

“A philosophy that points to nothing better for man here or hereafter than the fears of eternal torment, and the irksome grind of daily servitude, the

fret and pain of ceaseless toil, pinched by want of the many, bitten by the keen teeth of greed, and the sighs of the heavily burdened, cannot be the true philosophy of human life. It robs love of its sweetest expectation, crucifies hope on the altar of despair, and leaves eternity upon the melancholy desert of Death."

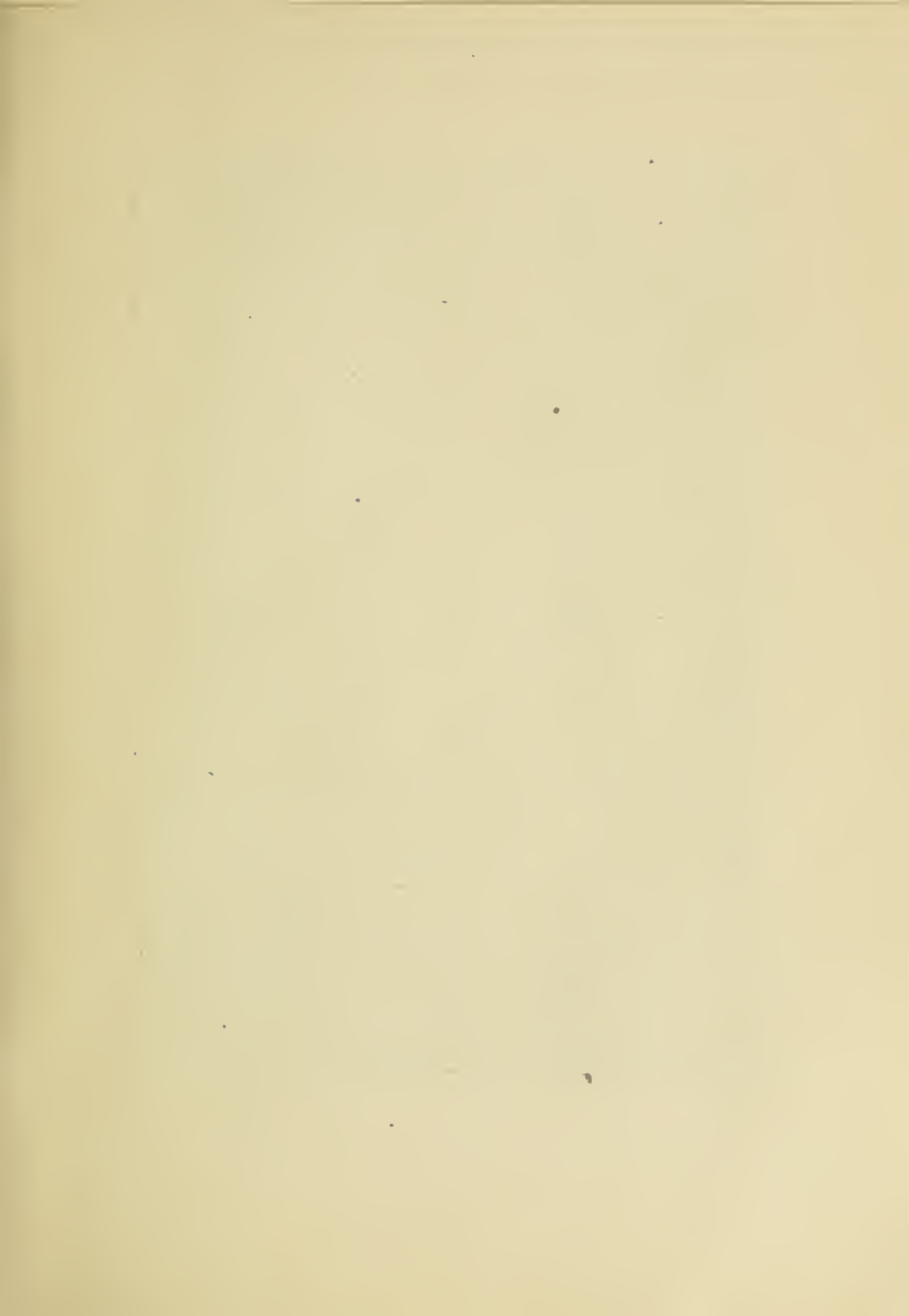
"Atheism is the suicide of the soul before the opening doors of eternal freedom."

"Materialism is the philosophy of pessimism that seems to find a charm in the wreck of Life, and a grim satisfaction in the desperation of its despair."

"Before it the tenderest sentiments of the child shrink in fear and the weary footsteps of age would gladly turn back and traverse the lonely and sorrowful path of life over and over again rather than fall into the abyss of eternal oblivion."

"The true philosophy of Life lifts up the dark doors of Death and floods Eternity with the dawn of an everlasting day."

"The belief in Immortality is the deeper consciousness of mortality that scans the abyss of the unknown and lights the gloom with a radiant glow of faith that sees a landing after the storm of life has passed."



When I Was George Washington

Once, just for charity and fun,
I played the part of Washington.
It was delightful rarity,
And all for Christian charity.
This was a long, long time ago,
So long that now I scarcely know
If it were only yesterday
Or a longer time far away.
I'm sure it was a time long past,
And of the kind my first and last.
That night I never can forget,
Though I'm past seventy, and yet
There oft comes to my weary eyes
A scene that seems like paradise.
In my visions, through distant years,
Through all my hopes and fears and tears,
And while life's sands now slowly run,
I see myself as Washington.
I togged myself with boots and hat,
With pants and coat and all of that,
With ruffled shirt, lace on my sleeve,
And mighty sword to make believe
That I was the immortal George,
As he appeared at Valley Forge,
Or when crossing the Delaware
In winter's cold and war's despair.
Proud, proud indeed, was I that night,
And to that pride I had a right.
I held his sword in my right hand.
As father of our fatherland.
Then, at last, my noblest part,
Was to touch the patriot heart,
And, solemnly I to impress
The words of his "Farewell Address."
I did and stilled all their heart's fears,
But left their eyes all bathed in tears.
Yes, then I was George Washington,
But just for charity, and fun.



DR. J.A. HOUSER AS
GEORGE WASHINGTON
for Charity

THE LOWLY.

The soul that strives to mount the skies
With heavenly hope for mankind's bliss,
May find, alas, such fate denies
To those who tread a path like this.

He must with lowly plodding be
Content to slowly journey on,
And hope at last the morn to see
That gives his soul its cherished dawn.

'Tis not the birds that highest fly
That sweetest sing their songs of praise,
The vultures soar far up the sky,
And eagles cleave the cloudy ways.

The nightingale oft lowly clings
To drooping boughs, quite near the earth,
And there her heavenly music sings
That gives the soul diviner birth.

Many a man, though humble, slow,
In meekest thought, seems but a clod
With contrite spirit, bowing low,
May rise aloft, and meet his God.

THE WORLD AND HOW TO TREAT IT.

Trust the best of it,
Pity the worst of it,
Watch the rest of it.

While you live in it,
Every hour, every minute,
To Truth try to win it.

Never deceive it,
Nor ever grieve it,
In truth believe it.

If you can, guide it;
If you must, chide it;
But never deride it.

In love warn it,
With truth adorn it,
But never scorn it.

Never confuse it.
Never misuse it,
Nor ever abuse it.

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND.

In all Philosophy pertaining to Human Life there is a lame part that makes the whole system a cripple that only recognizing Life as a substance can cure. This gave life a real existence as a personal Identity before it formed the body and gave a personal consciousness and individual identity to each separate being. It gives a First Cause as a Creator of all things. This conception of the mysterious force that is back of all nature gives a comprehensive basis for the human mind to work upon. In the reality and materiality of Life it finds itself as a conscious and indestructible unit working out its share in the destiny of creation. To grasp the truth that Life is a Sublimated Etherial Intelligent Energy in Atomic Form, at once clarifies all conceptions of Nature and takes Philosophy from the realm of nebulous uncertainty to the field of Cause and Effect, as worked out by the intelligent personality of the Infinite All of which man is a part.

Dare I say, without seeming to have too much of the Ego, that the truth will make all Philosophy clear to all thinking minds, from Plato, Aristotle, Socrates and their followers to the efforts of modern thought.

All the great thinkers, past and present, make the

mistake of taking one abstract element of thought for philosophy instead of the whole truth of Life as a material being, working in matter, as the real architect of the universe. This explains all the phenomena of Life in a reasonable and philosophical way, and satisfies the mind.

Let us illustrate this theory of innate intelligence as the director of human actions. To philosophize upon the characteristics of the various nationalities and races of people in our own country, we take into consideration the peculiarities of each race, its environments, its previous national life and the hereditary effects upon those now living, and, above all, consider each individual a conscious, sentient being, acting from his own volition and judgment. This basis of logic all agree upon, and consider each man as a conscious unit of his kind.

When we turn our attention to microscopic life, we see infinitesimal beings acting individually and collectively much like the collections of microscopic life we call an organization, animal or man, and yet are slow to concede that these little beings are acting from their own volition and upon their own intelligence.

In a former article I have referred to the leucocytes, the white corpuscles of the blood of the tad-

pole, taking the molecules of the tail, one at a time, carrying it up into the tadpole's body until the tail has entirely disappeared. Is it not reasonable to believe that these little creatures know what they are doing, and are guided by their own intelligence in returning again and again until the task is finished and the tail is stored away in the frog's body? Had they performed this task too soon, before the frog developed feet, his case would have been both helpless and fatal. These same cells remove the gills when the lungs of the tadpole are developed and performing their office by furnishing oxygen from the air to the blood as the gills did from the water.

The sub-conscious mind, when applied to the unknown intelligence within the human body, can be used to designate the vital intelligence that directs the action of the organs of the body. This intelligence is possessed by the Life Atoms that form every cell, and then reside within the cells, there performing the functions of the organ. This gives direction to the most intricate and varied action, and is far more delicate than that the conscious mind ever performs.

The conscious mind itself has an unconscious origin. I mean to say it is not itself conscious of its origin. At least this is the case in all human

creatures before a certain sense that is possessed by a very few is developed, and only after long study in seeking the consciousness of their own unconscious self.

To these persons there is a conscious comprehension that mental action is present in the brain, and to these very high organizations at times an intelligence of brain action and life action in the body reveals life's mysteries so profoundly that others, less favored in organizations, seldom understand them. Such persons are often thought to be transcendentalists, clairvoyants, and occasionally one may find his way into an asylum for the mentally deranged. Indeed, the greatest power of the mind does seem insanity to the mediocre if he does not concede its inspiration.

There are, at times, certain conditions that a highly organized and hyper-sensitive mind can get what we may call a visible consciousness of the cell structure of the brain itself. This view is not less real than if it came to the eyes from beholding an external object.

These views grow quickly before the mind, only when the eyes are closed or in total darkness, and present a picture strangely and weirdly fascinating, for but a moment, and then seem to dissolve as the

cells themselves lose connection with the conscious mind.

By cultivating the condition that brings these views, which may be done, the subject may learn to commune with himself and his subconscious Life. He who has great willpower and clear reason, and adds to this knowledge of the physical and psychological science of Human Life, will find not only one of the most delightful possessions that belong to this state of life, but get a more perfect view of all life here, and possibly a fore-taste of life without the weight of clay. To these favored few, meditation of all that life can give, is the most supremely satisfying. It seems to open the portals to that mysterious and exquisite enjoyment of a mind in the transcendental Elysium of the exalted and purified state that Christ spoke of, but not even his apostles comprehended.

Sometime, far beyond the age we now grope in, all humanity will reach this state. This explains clairvoyance, but is not understood by either clairvoyant or the subject. The former thinks he is viewing the inner life of the subject, while he is but seeing some of himself, and the subject thinks he is

receiving a revelation of himself while he is getting something about the clairvoyant.

In great mental exaltation, as sometimes reached by an orator, an actor or a person wrought up to intense religious fervor, the person seems to go into a trance or reach the plane of prophecy. Such a state Webster seemed to reach occasionally, as did Abraham Lincoln, and many in past ages, as Demosthenes, Cicero and Joan of Arc. These people, at times, were more than earthly. They passed across the line that divides Physical and Spiritual Life.

Robert Ingersoll, though an agnostic, would pass into this state and then become profoundly spiritualized. During these moments he surpassed himself and carried his hearers into heavenly rhapsodies only reached by the fewest of the world's greatest divines. Ingersoll could have been the world's greatest preacher since the days of St. Paul or Peter the Hermit.

To the few who enjoy the privilege of communion with the subconscious mind the Inner Life is more than worth living. It purifies itself by meditation and thus enjoys the highest and best of life, and is conscious of a fitness of the life beyond the narrow

circle we are now held within.

Many of those I write about can only get a comprehension of this inner life when in silence, darkness and alone. Then an hour in this rich garden of life will give us more intellectual pleasure than a lifetime in the seared, coarse, rough life with the common herd in its crude quest for pleasure. Try this search and you will succeed only when you are transformed into the idealism of your purest thoughts.

FATE.

Man at best by art can only imitate
And science delve deep to discover,
It's God's Infinite powers that create
And perpetuate all this forever.

Man is but one insignificant mite
In all the vast eternal sea of life,
He does not always even know the right
Nor how to best avoid the bitter strife.

He suffers much from the distressing ills
His flesh has heired from man's polluted past
That pain and wound, no matter how he wills
And finally take death's toll at last.

FAIRY ISLES.

I would like to sail to the Fairy Isles
That are always wreathed in sunshine and smiles,
Where silver ripples ever wash the shore
In sweetest songs o'er and o'er.
Where the nightingale pours from her musical throat
Sylvan songs of the purest note.

I'd like to sail on a silver sea
In a shallop of gold, carelessly free
Like Jason, seeking the golden fleece,
And every care of my soul release.
Or fly with the witch of the silver bell,
To her charm enchanted flowery dell.

Or climb to the top of the highest mount,
And all the world's glories in joy recount.
Or go to the depths of the southern sea,
And the coral halls of ecstasy,
Forever and ever my stay prolong,
Lulled to sleep by the mermaid's song.

But none of this joy is so sweet and wild
As the laugh and love of a blue-eyed child.
None so true as its innocent heart,
And none so sad with which to part.
Give me but this love, so pure, so dear,
And I'd be contented forever here.

TO "MAMMY".

(Twenty-Sixth Anniversary.)

Twenty-six years ago today,
When we flew from Noblesville
Across the river and down the way
O'er meadows green, from hill to hill,
We flew like famed Mazeppa's flight
With naught but hope and love in sight.

Past houses quaint and woodlands dark
And gloomy dells we faster flew,
By piping quail and singing lark
And fields agleam with diamond dew.
With anxious hearts away we sped
While others wept the soldier dead.

The light of love in your face, fair,
Was brighter than the rising day,
That paled upon your golden hair
And blushing bloom along the way.
Thus on with rushing speed we went
And love the flight her pinions lent.

But years have gone and years have come.
That morning faded, distant, drear
To the twilight's setting gloom

That tells us night is hovering near,
But fairer still you seem to me,
And must still fairer ever be.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Written upon the death of his wife.)
When she was here the golden light
Of life's sweet hope cheered every day,
And met the deepest shades of night
To light up all my starry way,
When she was here.

When she was here, cares seemed so few,
And flitted by on noiseless wings.
She found God's plan to clear my view
For all the purer, earthly things,
When she was here.

When she was here, a solace deep
Breathed through every passing hour,
Sweetening e'en the dreams of sleep
With some strange, enchanting power,
When she was here.

But now I hear the tolling bells,
Have starless nights, all chill and drear,
While my heart with anguish swells,
Because she is no longer here.

SATANIC LIAR.

Once upon a time
The devil took to rhyme
And he was going some.
He piped them quite a chime
Of every earthly crime
The greatest of which was Rum.

From earth's valley and dell
Came the funeral bell
Where whisky did its deeds
Sending souls to Hell
Deep in the fiery well
To burn like withered weeds.

He chimed of alcohol's
Handwriting on the walls
Of history stained with blood
With sorrows darkest palls
In huts and mansion halls
That came on whisky's flood.

There this Satanic liar
To kindle more hell fire
With faggots of the bar
In degradation dire

The lower and the higher
Came from near and far.

Like flames from perdition
To feed Hell's choice ammunition
With chips from sorrow's logs
Came the wails of sorrow,
Grief for the tomorrow.

SOME DR. HOUSER PHILOSOPHIES

Never compromise character, your own or another's. To tarnish either is to ruin Life's only safe shield.

Have faith in yourself. With it you can remove mountains; without it you cannot shovel dirt.

In our longing for something new, we often lose something better in the old.

Continuous scolding a child may convince him his case is hopeless, or that you are a hopeless case.

Those who find fault with everything are incapable of seeing the good all about themselves, but not within.

The human heart can be so full of good that evil cannot crowd it out.

The sunlight of hope will take you through the deepest gloom if you will let it.

Even when the worst overtakes us, there is still consolation in knowing that it can be worse.

An honest man makes virtue a necessity, but a rogue makes necessity a virtue.

The hope of something better is the inspiration to better what we have.

Finding fault is a disease that is quite as likely to complain of good as of evil.

The strength of vanity is always the weakness of its possessor.

He who underrates his neighbor hopes to seem greater by comparison.

The envious remember our mistakes, but forget our virtues. The noble reverse this rule.

He who wrongs a man is a scoundrel, but he who wrongs a child is a villain.

There is no evil that is not first committed in the mind. If we never think wrong, we will never do wrong.

When a man says he is God's favorite one, he has a poor opinion of the Deity.

Some men are like their shoes, their soul is the lowest part about them, and the most defiled.

When I hear some people advising the Lord in prayer what to do, I wonder that he ever completed

creation without their help.

The Human Brain is the throne where the god of wisdom reigns over the destinies of mankind with the supreme power of knowledge, and will continue to do so as long as man walks the earth clad in flesh.

Virtue is the rarest flower that blooms on earth, and the richest blossom in Heaven.

Wild oats are sowed in ignorance, and harvested in regret.

Vanity is the disease of ignorance, and cured only by intelligence.

Peace at the expense of honor means war and dishonor.

Those who pray for God to help them will get all they deserve by praying to help God.

To lie is to make others doubt the plainest truth you can tell.

A soul is life's product for the markets of heaven, where it brings its real value.

To doubt is to invite defeat, by dividing your mental forces and opening the gate of fear.

Never expect something for nothing. Such thoughts make thieves. The world doesn't owe you a living, but you owe the world your best endeavors, and for this it will pay you.

Love is like a weary child, it goes to sleep when neglected, and then may find other enchantments in its dreams and never return.

If you want others to believe you worthy of them, you must be worthy of yourself. Remember faults are more plainly seen than virtues.

Friends you must have to succeed, and you must find them. Enemies will find you, and without friends, destroy you.

Don't worry too much about disappointments. Defeat is the grindstone that sharpens our wits. Yours may take an edge.

Avoid deception. Its testimonies against you will be truth, the truth of your falseness.

GLORY'S GATE.

When darkness hangs her curtains down
Through deepening, gathering gloom,
Love yet can see a promised dawn,
A spring of opening bloom.

When Fame has closed Glory's gate
And shut Ambition ever out,
Love turns its steps to kinder fate
And finds a heaven where least it sought.

Where weary hands can toil no more
And tired heart throbs slow to rest,
Love finds repose on some bright shore
And smiles at troubles past.

Then why should we at sorrows grieve,
When they lead the way to bliss?
We ought, indeed, be glad to leave
What to keep is joy to miss.

Remember? Oh Remember

That no Life can be Successful or Happy without Health. First of all aims and objects in Life must be founded on Health. That means strength, energy and power of endurance. All these, with still more, a clear mind, must be had if a man makes a success in the battle of Life. Without Health the qualities will be weak, uncertain and his life a failure.

Seek Health first, and all else will come to you. Come and ask The New Science of Life what your trouble is. It costs nothing.

Dr. S. K. Houser

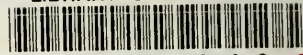
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